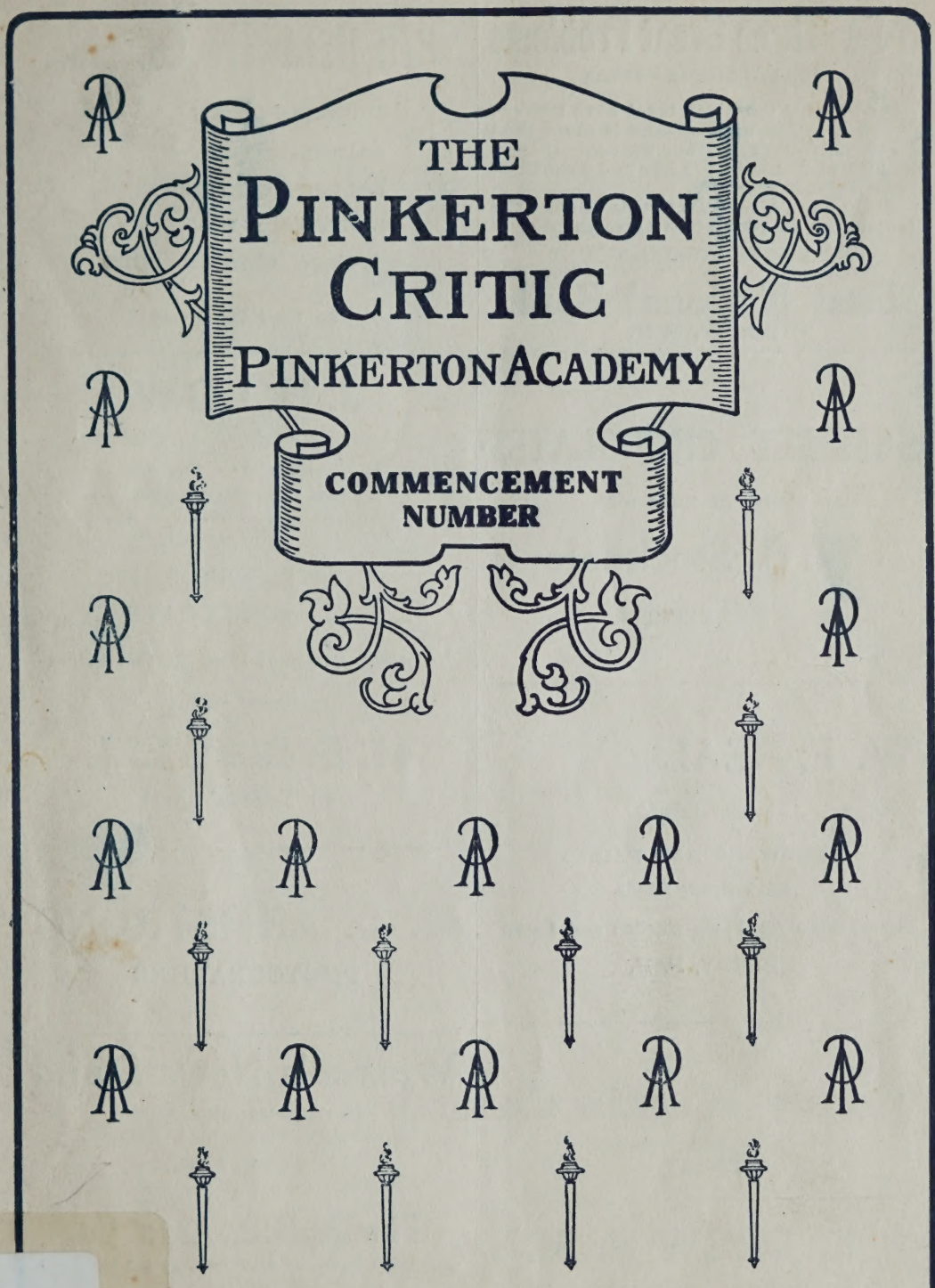

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The Pinkerton Critic

VOL. XI DERRY, N. H., JUNE, 1920. NO. 5

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Editorial

As another year of school draws to its close, we look back over our experiences with a desire to hold forever in our memories every event that has in any way made us happier and better. To many of us this has been a "record year," the influence of which will be one of the great factors in the molding of our lives. There are some, perhaps, who feel that they have failed in the work which they started in the fall, but no one can count the time entirely lost, for each of us has been getting the benefit of the school environment and the close contact with student and Faculty, influences which will help to build character. We can only know that we have succeeded in our past work when we feel that in every phase of our school life we have done—not our bit—but our best. There are other years coming, and as we say good-bye for the summer let us say it with the thought and desire to return in the fall with a new determination to work and coöperate in raising the standard of Pinkerton.

To the Class of 1920 we wish to extend our heartiest congratulations! You have made a record which is truly worthy of Pinkerton, '20; and you have set a splendid example of school spirit and loyalty—an example which every underclass should follow. Your work here is done, and it is with many regrets that we say good-bye to you. In everything you undertake remember that you have the best wishes and sympathy of every member of your old school.

The members of the CRITIC Board wish to thank the school for the splendid coöperation that has been shown throughout the year. It is only by the interest and coöperation of the whole student body that the CRITIC can live. The contributions and criticisms have been received gratefully. We need both. The help that has been given by Faculty and students has made it possible for us to carry on our work.

We thank you many times and wish you all a very happy vacation.

P. A. Notes

April 16. A social was given by the CRITIC Board.

The Y. W. C. A. elected officers: President, Marion Cogswell; Vice-President, Ruth Shackett; Secretary, Lucy Barker; Treasurer, Carolyn Sefton.

April 21. Junior Philomathean elected officers: President, Stewart, '22; Vice-President, Paquet; Secretary, Nina Kingsbury; Second Vice-Prudential, Kelley, '22; Third Prudential, Eddy, '22; First Marshal, Low, '23; Second Marshal, Morrison, '23.

Y. M. C. A. meeting held in chapel and a Y. W. C. A. meeting in Room 6.

April 29. Dinner given to members of the Debating Team of Domestic Science Department.

Mr. F. L. George gave a talk to Commercial Club.

April 30. Y. M. C. A. meeting held in chapel and a Y. W. C. A. meeting held on campus.

Principal Horne presented a cup to the Debating teams.

May 1. In the evening the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. social was held.

May 7. Alumni of Pinkerton held their reunion at the Arlington Hotel in Boston.

May 14. Seniors took their annual trip to Boston.

Juniors held their private social.

May 13. Mrs. Meade of Boston spoke to the student body.

May 21. Mr. F. F. Wallis spoke to the Commercial Club.

The Y. M. C. A. elected officers: President, Harold Blake; Vice-President Wallace Fitts; Secretary, Norman Bean; Treasurer, Earl Kelley.

May 21. Freshman class gave a social for the benefit of the CRITIC.

May 24. Y. W. C. A. held a successful Tag Day.

May 27. Baseball team left on the trip to the northern part of the state.

(Our team deserves high praise for of the four games played up-state they won three.)

June 3. A nominating convention for candidates for the presidency held in chapel.

June 4. Freshman and Sophomore girls' basket ball game: Sophomores 42, Freshman 16.

June 7. Straw voting.

June 8. Pinkerton Athletic Association Tag Day.

June 9. Baseball game with Johnson High School of North Andover.

June 11. Annual exhibit of Arts and Crafts in Academy Hall.

Stop! Look! and Listen!

School spirit is what makes the school.

If ever a class deserved praise and credit, it is the class of 1923.

A few weeks ago the Freshmen gave the school a splendid social. The music was provided by Goodchild's Orchestra. The hall was very tastily decorated with the different class banners and their own class colors (blue and white).

At intermission ice cream and cake were sold. As the Freshmen were very generous all bought cakes. A few cakes were left and Hepworth auctioned them off. He is an autioneer and deserves a lot of thanks.

The Freshmen deserve credit for the reason that they gave the social for the benefit of the CRITIC.

We, the editors of the CRITIC wish to thank Mr. Foxall and the Freshman class for the social.

—H. O'N, '22.

Junior Private Party

On Friday, May 14, the Senior class went to Boston, and of course they had a wonderful time. But that wasn't the only important event that took place on that date, because on that same night the Juniors held their private party—and the best part of it was—hardly anyone knew about it until after it was all over!

About half-past seven all of the Juniors met in the academy hall and spent about half an hour singing popular songs. After that we danced until intermission, then we had all the ice cream, cake and lolypops that we could eat.

After intermission the dancing continued, and it seemed as if it had just started when, to our sorrow, the school clock struck ten. We made a great discovery that night! What do you think it was? All of the boys in our class, except two, can dance—and we'll teach them, yet! That is surely something that all of the other classes can't boast about. There was only one fault to find with the party—and that was that ten o'clock came altogether too soon.

—M. R. B., '21.

1920 Class History

CAW! CAW! CAW! Here I am, just in time to tell our guests all about our famous class of 1920. How glad I am that I live up in the tower and see and hear everything that happens. I've lived there for years, and I've been to all the "doings" of every class, and they've been pretty fine, too, but this year's graduating class surely has some history. Ever since September 11, 1916, when all those eighty-six dear, bashful, little "freshies" came climbing up the hill to start in high school I have been extremely interested in them. All that autumn I used to spend a lot of my time in rooms 10 and 11 just because I loved those kiddies so. I went to all their class meetings and even went to classes with them, though of course they didn't know I was there. You see when they first came I sort of felt it my duty, as the Academy CROW! to protect

them, and help them get acquainted, and start them on the right track for a successful career at PINKERTON. And I liked them so well that even after they had elected their class officers I couldn't bear to leave them, and so I have called them "My children" right along, and after I tell you all I can about them, I'm sure you will agree with me that they are an exceptionally fine class with a four years' history to be proud of.

When they had been in school a couple of weeks or so, big Eph Martin, the Sophomore president, came down to room 11 and conducted a class meeting of the Freshmen. They elected Coburn Neal for their president, and Eleanor Alexander as vice-president, and chose Raymond Morrill to fill the two positions of secretary and treasurer,—and he certainly did fill them. For their class adviser they selected Miss Edith Reed, who was also a newcomer to Pinkerton. They had quite a lengthy discussion over class colors, but finally they decided definitely upon my favorite ones—orange and black. How proud I was of my class when I saw their beautiful banner unfurled for the first time at the carnival given in Academy Hall on the eve of March 16, 1917.

I said good-bye to my "freshies" on June 22, 1917, and flew off for my vacation.

I came back to Pinkerton to greet all my old friends and many new ones on September 12, 1917. I was so glad to see "My class" again. Of course I had to spend a great deal of time with the new Freshmen, but I still had time to attend all the meetings of the Sophomores. They were so well satisfied with Coburn's leadership that they reëlected him for president. They chose Arthur Bergeron as their vice-president, and Ednah Berry for secretary and treasurer. Miss Reed had become very popular during her first year and had shown what a good adviser she was and she was also reëlected.

On Hallowe'en night the Sophs gave a Hallowe'en social to the rest of the school. I flew down to see what was going on, and I was scared nearly to death to see ghosts gliding around the cornstalks in the moonlight. When I recovered from my fright I watched the party and heard everyone say, as they left for home, that it was the best Hallowe'en social ever given.

On the eve of January 11, 1918, the class and several teachers went to Chester for a sleighride.

I flew along, too, because I couldn't miss the fun. They raided the Chester postoffice and nearly bought the store out of lolypops and tonics. Then they returned to school and had ice cream, cookies and candy, and danced till after 10 o'clock. What do you think of that? The first Sophomore class that ever had a private party and being allowed to break the 10 o'clock rule! Well, I said the 1920 class was an exception and they have continually proved it! !

After a very happy and prosperous year together, I said good-bye to my Sophomores on June 19, 1618.

I was late in returning to school the next fall, but I got there just in time to attend the first class meeting of my Juniors. They elected Arthur Bergeron for president and Albert Bolduc for vice-president, and Marie Barker for secretary and treasurer. The class had a claim on Miss Reed and were not willing to give her up, so she was again chosen class adviser.

School closed the last of September on account of the "flu," and didn't open again until the middle of October. I was terribly lonesome all alone up in the tower. I surely was glad one night to see lights on in the chapel and to hear happy voices. I immediately flew down to see what could be going on and there was my beloved Junior class giving a party for Coburn who had been in the hospital.

Soon after that school opened again, and I had plenty of excitement. At Xmas time Bergeron left them to go into the Senior class, and they chose their faithful standby —Coburn, for president.

On February 21, 1919, the Juniors gave a masquerade. I flew down from my perch to see it. What a pretty sight it was! My class had certainly decorated the hall so that it looked very attractive and they had a good program.

On March 14, 1919, I noticed that everyone was going around with sad faces and

that the flag was at half mast. I flew down to see what was the matter and I heard the students and teachers saying that their friend and classmate had left his life of pain and suffering for a life of joy and peace. We miss Coburn's cheery self, but his memory will always remain dear to each one of us.

Another death during the year was that of Kingsley Hawes, who was a member of the class for a short time.

My class was left without a president and they decided not to elect a new one that year but to let Bolduc, the vice-president, assume the responsibilities of president.

On May 2, 1919, the Juniors had a private social. They danced and played games and ate candy and ice cream and drank tonic to their fill.

I watched my Junior boys and girls decorate the church for Baccalaureate, and the stage for the Senior pageant, then I flew away.

When I returned on September 10, 1919, and welcomed my class back to school, they were no longer the shy, little Freshmen of three years before, but dignified Seniors. In fact, you would hardly recognize it as the same class that had started in its career in the old Academy, eighty-six strong, for there were now only thirty-eight members, and ten of these were new to the class this year.

The class chose as their president, Albert Bolduc, and as his assistant, Casper Whitney. Merna Walbridge was chosen to keep the records and Marie Barker to keep the cash and pay the bills. The former adviser, Miss Reed, was married during the summer, and so Miss Plummer was chosen to take her place.

The first thing those dignified Seniors did was to go up to Londonderry on the eve of September 17, 1919, and have a corn roast. Not a thing was known about it among the other classes until the next day. Did they have a good time? Well, no sitting around a big bonfire, with sandwiches, roast corn, cookies, cake, tonic, toasted marshmallows, baked apples, stories, songs, cheers, jokes, games, and all else imaginable!

September 26, 1919, the Seniors gave a reception to the Freshmen. I guess the Freshmen felt pretty much at home after that evening.

December 5th, Academy Hall was crowded to its capacity by people to see the comedy, "Patty Makes Things Hum," presented by the Senior class. I perched up on one of the rafters so I could see it, too, and I nearly split my sides laughing. The class cleared $100 that evening, which is more than any other class ever cleared on their play.

On January 22, 1920, the Seniors renewing their childhood, had another sleighride to Chester. They went to the town hall and had their supper and danced and sang. I guess it was the liveliest time Chester had seen for years.

One night in April I heard a terrible racket in chapel, and I flew down to see what it was all about. I never saw such a bunch of hoboes and tramps and poor people! I learned later that the Seniors were giving a poverty party.

May 14th and 15th, 1920, the class took a trip to Boston. They went to the State House, through Harvard Art Museum, to the top of the Custom House Tower, visited the Herald Press, saw Robert Mantell in "The Merchant of Venice" at the theatre. They went out to the Charlestown Navy Yard, and after going aboard a destroyer, they boarded the old frigate "Constitution." They were shown over the whole ship and everything was carefully explained to them, but I think that one of the girls saw more of the ship than the rest of the class did, though no one, I'm sure, begrudges her the experience. A night, not soon to be forgotten by the boys, was the one they spent at the people's Palace.

The kid party surely reminded me of the days when my Seniors were "freshies." They had a rousing good time—that's all that can be said just now.

The rest of the history of my class will take place today or tomorrow. They have won their reward for their four years' work, and now they are about to graduate and

leave Pinkerton, each one to go in a different direction to better prepare himself for his future life.

I am sorry to see my friends leaving these familiar surroundings but the time has come when we must say "Good-bye."

—M. H. B., '20.

Marie Barker

Caw! Caw! Caw!

Caw! Caw! Caw! Well, I promised to write you again soon, so here I am. I've been out trying to fix my flivver and I had quite a time with it. Something has seemed to be the trouble with it ever since I got back from the baseball trip. What's that? You didn't know that I went? Oh, yes; I went right behind Mr. Walbridge, and I helped him to get fixed up once when his Ford shed some of its machinery. I saw all the games and got quite excited, once especially, at Hepworth's wonderful pitching.

I wonder what became of that bunch that were coming from Pinkerton to the second game? I didn't see them anywhere, but I guess they had a good time.

My flivver went all right coming back, and I beat all of them home. I wanted to get here first and tell them all that we won three games out of four.

I was awfully disappointed because those Brewster boys won the second game here because it was a hard game to lose, and we only lost it in the ninth inning, too. They were a husky set of boys, and I noticed that most of them danced at the social given them. I thought that they were never coming, didn't you? I stayed around up in the tower where it was cool, and I had almost decided to go for a ride in my flivver when they came about nine o'clock.

I had a wonderful time on the Senior's Boston trip, and I'm sorry all of you undergraduates couldn't have gone. They had a special car all to themselves, and I sat up on the back of Mr. Horne's seat and cawed every time someone sprang a joke, which was pretty often.

It was too bad that one of the girls got hurt on the ship "Constitution," for it sort of put a damper on the party. I was so frightened when it happened that I just cawed for breath. I'm glad she is all right, now.

I was glad to get back to Pinkerton because the tall buildings sort of awed me, and I'm afraid I stood with my mouth open some of the time, but I wasn't the only one, for I saw Brad Bartlett looking sort of overcome at the sights.

Oh, I mustn't forget to tell you about the Juniors' private social. They had it while the Seniors were in Boston, and they certainly had a gay time. I came down and sort of chaperoned the affair. First, they danced, and every last one of them danced, too; and then they had ice cream and cake, and lolypops. My goodness, if those girls couldn't eat ice cream! Alma O'Neil ate so much it made me blush to watch her. I only ate six dishes, but I couldn't keep up to her. Then they danced some more, and at ten they went home very happy and very full of ice cream.

Bang! Bang! Oh, dear, there goes my flivver back-firing! My brother must be meddling. I must go and see. I'll be right back.

Well, he was. He had just put some ginger ale into the gasoline tank and then tried to start it. I don't know what I will do with him.

Well I must go now and try to fix it. Good-bye all of you, and get A's in all examinations, every blessed one of you, and I hope you all have the best vacation ever. Good-bye, Seniors. I'm sorry you are going, and we'll miss you like everything. A good many of you are going to college, aren't you? So be a credit all of you to dear old Pinkerton.

Good-bye, Faculty, too! Just think of all the "freshies" you've got to break in next year! So have a jolly time this summer and keep your frowns for them next fall. Good-bye, happy vacation. Caw! Caw! Caw!

—M. C., '21.

Marion Crowell

Top row: Lyman Shackett; Bradbury Bartlett; Albert Boldue, President; Mr. Horne, Principal; Casper Whitney
Vice-president; Bernard Mason.
Third row: Lowell Williams; Roland Ranney; Arthur Chase; Aaron Goodrich; Marguerite Alley; Othel, Hawley;
Frances Hoyt; Miss Plummer, Class advisor; Merna Walbridge; Hazel Plummer; Edna Berry;
Eleanor Alexander; Loren Bailey.
Second row: Marie Barker; Florence Carter; Ruth Severence; Florence Garland; Ruth McAdams; Avilla Collis;
Bertha Schultz; Ellen Mitchell; Dean Sanborn.

SENIOR CLASS

Bottom Row: Edith Lynch; Louise Maguire; Marion Aiken (Billy) Alice Tewksbury; Ellen Fortier; Evangeline Paquet;
Sydney Garland.

Physics—Miss P. (speaking of G. S. wire): "What does G. S. stand for?"

B. B., '20: "Because it can't sit down."

Discussing electricity in Physics—Miss P.: "What kind of a charge is this?"

H. E. C., '17: "C. O. D."

Latin IV—F. C., '20 (translating): *Genua aegra trahens*—"Feebly dragging his limbs after him."

Physics—H. B., '21: "Rub with a cake of raisins (resin)."

H. C., '17: "Yes, with electric currents in it."

History IV—C. W., '20: "What Digest will we find this in?"

H. P., '20: "Literary."

Information Wanted—L. P. R., '20, would like to know why no one can catch lightning.

Why does F. I. E., '19, happen to know anything about "nocturnal corners?"

Vincens et victurus. "We wonder if he had indigestion?"

Miss A.: "This hot breeze is rather cool, isn't it?"

Perhaps it would be more becoming in the president of Philomathean if he lowered his dignity, when his term of office is about to expire, a little more slowly, and with a little less noise than he made at the last meeting! ! ! !

Physics—Miss P.: "Tomorrow, we will use the crows' foot battery."

H. C., '17: "Is it pigeon-toed?"

Pupil: "Shakespeare lived in the Elizabethan Age."

Teacher: "When was that?"

Pupil: "When Shakespeare lived."—*Ex.*

Latin IV—B. J. S.: "This man is the older. He is bald on top of his head."

A. H., '19: "Aw, no; he isn't either. They both have smooth tops."

LESSON IN ENGLISH.

"A Lesson in English" is the title of an amusing bit of writing which reads as follows:

"You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. She is, of course, feminine. If she is singular, you are nominative. You walk across to her changing to verbal and then become dative. If she is not objective you become plural. You walk home together. Her mother is accusative and you become imperative. You walk in and sit down. Her little brother is an indefinite article. You talk of the future. She changes to the object. You kiss her and she becomes masculine. Her father becomes present, things are tense and you become the past participle."

Fr. IV—(Translating) "Her father died when he was six years old."

Latin IV—Miss M.: "Hepworth, would you like to carry on this class?"

A. H.: "No, teacher; it's too heavy.

Physics—Miss P.: "What is potential?"

H. C., '17: "Possibility."

C. W., '20: "You're a great potential, old man."

Vous savez que les primeurs n'ont pas de gout—"You know that early vegetables are good for the gout."—*Ex.*

We have a new member of the Faculty, "Miss Hildreth Hall." (Ask Miss A. if she knows her.)

Physics—Miss P.: "Here is a picture of Madame Currie, who discovered radium."

R. R., '20, (getting interested): "How old is she?"

History IV—Mr. R., putting a test on the board, said: "I hope you won't think there's any reflection in this question. I wasn't thinking of you," as he wrote: "Who were the 'Know Nothings?'"

C. W., '20: "He'll find out when he gets our papers."

I wonder if W. A., '23, has found out how much a pound is?

V. W., '22, to Mr. F.: "I don't see how you can subtract dollars from bushels of wheat."

Physics—E. A., '20 (Electricity): "How could you get grounded when you had rubber soles on?"

C. W., '20: "It would ground in your body before it got to your sole (soul)."

Teacher: "Name four grades of fleece."

Pupil: "What did you say? Four grades of fleas?"—Ex.

A lways looking wistfully toward Room 5.
W hen he's not there, he's but half alive.
G oing to classes as slowly as he can

C atching sight of anyone he thinks the evil man.
H oping and watching for the old Chester car.
E ating so sparingly his favorite chocolate bar.
S ighing when he sees not her well-known smile,
T hinking why her absence takes such a great while:
E ver reflecting on events the day before,
R ushing when he sees her about to open the door;

N ever tease him, when he seems so sad,
H elp him out, if such a case you've had—
For "Goody" is in Love.

—*The Observant Citizen.*

Found by second-year pupil in typewriting room:

DEAR SIR:

We regret that owing to a delay in the placing of your order for guides for your files, we cannot *male* delivery on the date given . . . etc.

Where was the first-year pupil's mind, I wonder?

For Sale: A bedstead by a lady with steel sides and two good slats.

Miss C.: "These mosquitos around here are awful. I've been about eaten up for the last few days."

B. B., '20: "I'll tell you how to eliminate them. Take two books like this—"

Miss C.: "No, use one book and your head; we can't afford to lose two books."

Heard in Library—L. B., '20: "I met that Jane in the station and she promised to write to me."

Question: How much does it cost "Babe" for stamps?"

E. J., '23, is down in boiler room after red ink.

Mr. Raitt (busily working in shop sighs audibly): "There's another fellow after red ink to spill on the floor."

Latin IV—(A. H., '19, is late to class): "Good afternoon, class!"

Mr. F.: "Well, Miss Wells, I don't see how a red Jersey cow can eat green grass and give white milk, but she does."

Our young poetess, V. W., '22, wishes to submit the following:

"Little lines of Ivanhoe,
Verbs all in a whirl,
Make a mighty dry book
And a crazy girl!"

To which cruel W. B., '23, adds, "You said it, Vinal, but you were in that state of mind before you took Ivanhoe."

1920 Class Prophecy

DERRY VILLAGE, N. H.
June 30, 1930.

REPORT OF THE REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1920:

On June 15, 1930, the class of 1920 of Pinkerton Academy had its second reunion since graduation. It was very gratifying to see every member of the class present and ready for a good time. After songs and cheers had been enjoyed, the class was ushered to Association Hall, where a banquet prepared by the Domestic Science girls of Pinkerton was partaken of with great relish.

1—BOLDUC.

Our former president, Albert Bolduc, was chosen toastmaster, that is he managed to keep the plate of toast beside his plate until it was empty. After he had accomplished this feat, he arose and addressed the gathering. For a minute I could not believe that ten years could make such a change in Albert Bolduc. I had to look *three* times before I could see him, and then I only felt assured that it was he, by his well-known smile. I could not resist the temptation of asking him why he was so thin, so I did it. He replied, "Well, you see after I left Pinkerton in 1920, I did not do any studying, and the reaction was so great that—I just grew fat. I was getting real worried about it, too, because I knew that the high cost of clothes was going up, so I began to look for something to reduce me. I heard of a wonderful preparation prepared by a famous doctor in New York—his name perhaps you will recall when I mention it, let me see—Dr. Charles Oak. One bottle of this started me on the path to gracefulness and elasticity so I got another and another, and it has made me what I am!"

Then once more addressing the gathering, he said, "Now, beginning at my right, I want every person to get up and tell what he or she has been doing these last ten years. Speeches may not be over one hour long, and not less than two minutes. If anyone feels shy and does not want to speak for himself, and if he can find anyone who is willing to do it for him, that will be permissible. Now, let us begin."

Silence reigned supreme for a short time, then Mr. Roland Ranney arose with all the distinguished appearance which an orator has. He said that he remembered how bashful we used to be, so he would speak for all of us, at which we were greatly relieved.

At first he told us about his study abroad, and about his travels in foreign lands, which accounts were very interesting. It seems that he had met nearly all his old classmates at various places on the globe, and had talked with them about their work. Then he gave us a few accounts of these meetings as follows:

"When I left London on the old ship "Washington" in 1926, I learned that we were headed for Africa. I was very glad of this, because I had always wished to go there. In a few days we made port and went on shore. The first evening when we were there we went to a lecture given by a missionary from the states. It was the best of its kind which I ever heard, and after its completion I went to shake hands with the lecturer, and was greatly astonished to meet my old friend, Ednah Berry. She said that she had been very successful with her work among the natives, and liked her work very much.

"After we left port, I became seasick and was removed to the sick bay, where I was cared for by a beautiful nurse. After I had gotten over my shyness, I asked her what her name was, and she said "Ellen Fortier." She told me she had been trained in Massachusetts and had practiced in Washington, at the headquarters of the President. "Hazel Plummer," she said, "had gained such prominence as cook that she was chosen head of the department by the President, and always took special delight in preparing his meals. But, sad to relate, he was often overwhelmed with acute indigestion, and was usually absent from his official duties several days a week. So she, fearing what might result if he should suddenly pass away, took me into her confidence and let me look after him, and I have saved his life many times. After his term of office expired, he declined a re-nomination, so I lost my position, and since then have been a nurse on this ship."

"Later our ship headed for the states by way of the West Indies. When we arrived there we could see the natives working among the sugar cane. As we had to coal the ship and take on supplies, I disembarked and inspected the place. The boss of the group of men came to me and told me about the work. I thought he looked familiar, and I asked him if he was Wayne Condon, and he replied in the affirmative. He said the town of Londonderry was not sweet enough for him, so he came down South so that he might be among associates of his own taste.

"In due time we came to New York, and it did seem good to get back to my own country. A young man ran down the wharf to meet me. He said he had heard that I was coming, and he wanted me to visit him. I recognized my old friend, Arthur Chase, who lately had become head manager of a woman's style shop in that city. He said they were patronized very much, as he took particular pains to always carry the very latest styles in gowns. I never would have believed ten years ago that Arthur would ever be engaged in such a position!

"After a visit at his home, during which we attended a theatre where a celebrated actress was playing for the first time in that city—Evangeline Paquet was her name, I journeyed toward old New England.

"I took a boat up the Connecticut river, and as I was enjoying the beautiful scenery I was attracted by an orator in an onion-bed. I could have mistaken him for nothing else. As I watched him raving madly, I wondered who he was, and one day I was told by a passenger who lived near them that they were a new couple who were running the farm there. He was, at that time in the midst of a debate on the question: '*Resolved*, That onion plants ought to be thinned out to ten inches apart.' He was vainly trying to prove his point to his rosy-cheeked compnion, who in turn assailed him with a torrent of words. Needless, to say, she won the debate. Why? Because she went to Pinkerton once. Perhaps the name of Marie Barker will sound familiar to you. And, of course, her companion on the farm was none other than our old friend, Lowell Williams.

"One day as I was looking over the papers and magazines in the ship's newsstand, my glance happened to fall on a Derry *Record*. I picked it up, and discovered that it had increased its volume to twenty-four pages, and contained all the news of the day and likewise of Derry, and all of its suburbs. When I saw that Loren Bailey had become its editor-in-chief, I did not wonder at the popularity which it had gained.

Boys: A. Goodrich (D.T.); G. Boldue; J. Whitney; B. Bartlett; C. Reed; H. Blake; H. Emerson; E. Kelly; C. Oakes; J. Percy.

Girls: N. Nelson; M. Aiken; M. Cogswell; M. Bidwell; M. Barker; A. O'Neil; R. Shackett; V. Fullerton; G. Smith; C. Lefton; L. Barker;

DEBATING TEAM and Critic Board.

"Glancing over the *Record* I noticed an article which amused me very much. It was about a famous machine which had been perfected by Prof. Sidney Garland, A. M., of Harvard College, who was then teaching in Boston. This machine told constructions of Latin words in the next day's translation (it seems that he was taking pity on his pupils, remembering the days when he was young). One boy said that it *never* told him one construction correctly, but the professor, rather than to admit any deficiency in his machine, would give him an "A" every term!

"Later when I talked with the professor personally, he told me that his sister was still residing in Windham, and under her efficient management great progress had been made in exterminating the moths which were overwhelming the forests of Windham.

"When I left the ship, I went to a nominating convention in Boston. Of course you know woman suffrage was a fixed feature, now. The Republican nominee for Presidentdent was Marion Aiken, who was being ardently supported by all the Republicans. She had gained great prominence since her graduation at Pinkerton, and now the nation looked toward her for her wonderful advice. It was a very lively convention.

"When I went by Salem, on my way to Derry, I saw that a new building had been erected there for the education and general advancement of the Chinese. The manager, I afterwards learned was Miss Bertha Schultz, who evidently had changed her ideas regarding Chinese after her departure from Pinkerton.

When I got off the train at Derry I was indeed surprised to find that Frances Hoyt was brakewoman on the train. I asked her how she liked her position and she said that after she left Pinkerton, she could not give up her study of Physics, so she had trained for an engineer, but had secured a position as brakewoman, which she liked very much.

"I wish you could have seen the Chester and Derry car line! There were four sets of tracks, and the cars had wheels on both ends so the cars wouldn't tip—not all collected in the middle as they used to be in 1920. All these modern improvements had been accomplished by Manager Dean Sanborn, who resided in a beautiful love cottage in Derry village. He said he had a most efficient bookkeeper, who had graduated from Pinkerton in 1920. He said she used to be quite Cross, but lately she smiled more, and every day seemed more like Eleanor Alexander, who went to Pinkerton.

"I heard that Ivilla Corliss had become a wonderful animal trainer. She maintained a steady practise at Derry Depot. Since 1920, it seemed many of the horses of the Academy students had become balky, thus preventing the students from getting to school in time for attendance to be taken. Ivilla had done much to remedy this wrong, and thus helped to raise the standard of Pinkerton to a height such as it had never known before. Her fee as $1 per horse, but rather than be late to school the students would forfeit their last cent.

"When I went by Lyman Shackett's house I was surprised to see a studio there. But I remembered the pictures he used to draw in American History class, and I knew then that a child who exhibited such great natural art for the beautiful would undoubtedly make a famous man."

By this time Ranney's hour was up and he was quite out of breath, so he was requested to sit down.

Then a young gentleman arose and asked if he could not favor us with a solo dance. We all consented, so he danced for us. When he had finished he told us that he had a large dancing school in a suburb of Chester, where he taught toe dancing to many young ladies who were practicing for the stage. During his spare time, he worked in his market garden, from which he had wonderful results. He surely showed credit to his agricultural teacher at Pinkerton.

Ruth McAdams, I afterwards learned, was United States Senator from New Hampshire. On account of her ardent support, the old Granite State played an important part in national affairs.

Ethel Hawley gave an account of her work as football coach for Pinkerton. She said that it was a great method for reducing, and wished she had tried it before. Even then, she said, she was *only* four feet in circumference.

Alice Tewksbury told us about her success as a hairdresser, an occupation which she liked very much. She had many patrons and was well liked by all in Derry.

Marguerite Alley had become a famous comedian in a circus. It was said that she attracted more attention than any other single person. Windham certainly produces wonderful people.

A great change had come over Florence Carter. I did not wonder, however, when she told me that she had become a great explorer, and had spent much of her time in the Arctic Ocean. She had gone farther north than any other explorer, and she had received a great sum of money from the government. Then she retired from public life and settled down in Derry for a few years.

Aaron Goodrich had become manager of the American Baseball League as a result of his training at Pinkerton as manager of the Academy baseball team for two years. Like all great magnates Goodrich has grown very stout, so that he has to have a special car to carry him around.

I learned that Merna Walbridge had become a great society bud in New York. She was very popular on account of her voice, and did a great deal of entertaining, and never was known to go to bed until the next morning.

With a very sober face, one of our number arose and told about his duties as judge of the supreme court. He said that even that position was not serious enough for him, as he had greatly changed since he left us ten years ago. No one would have ever believed it of Bradbury Bartlett if they had known him when he was young!

Our accomplished pianist, Ruth Severance, had given up her profession and had gone into the cotton industry, which she found quite profitable. She was supervisor of the cotton mills in Hampstead, and at her home, and was getting quite wealthy.

Edith Lynch told me that she was elevator boy in the Customs House in Boston, and took great delight in going down as swiftly as possible, so that she might scare the sightseers.

But the greatest surprise of all was to hear about Louise Maguire and Casper Whitney! Casper's inventive mind had devised a new kind of airplane by which he and Louise had journeyed to Mars as Louise wished to do for so long. They had spent considerable time up there, and Louise, on her return, became a great lecturer, and was given the exclusive right of being the first one to secure specimens from Mars. She always was a good speaker when she was at Pinkerton, and Casper was always so original, too.

After our social time was over we gave our school and class cheers, and went our various ways, after we had planned for another reunion in 1935.

REPORTER'S NOTE—As reporter of the events of this reunion, I have taken the utmost thought, care and attention in preparing this report, and testify that all accounts are as true and real-to-life as possible.

Respectfully submitted,
S. ELLEN MITCHELL.

1920 Class Will

We, the class of 1920, of Pinkerton Academy, being of sound mind and body, do solemnly testify on this 17th day of June in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty, that we are about to depart from this, our school life, and having certain possessions of more or less value, which we cannot readily take with us, do desire to give and bequeath them to those who are to follow, namely:

1. I, Eleanor Alexander, do give and bequeath my love for all things red to some Junior girl who likes bright colors.

2. I, Marion Aiken, do give and bequeath my ability for being constant and steady to Olan Rand, who is sadly affected the other way.

3. I, Marguerite Alley, do give and bequeath my inquisitivenes to Vinal Wells.

4. I, Albert Bolduc, do give and bequeath to Elizabeth Tabberah thirty-five pounds of my surplus weight to be used only during the summer months.

5. I, Edna Berry, do give and bequeath my frivolous ways and ideas to Harold Blake, who is so quiet and reserved.

6. I, Loren Bailey, do give and bequeath all my affection for the Freshman girls to whom it rightfully belongs, the Freshman boys.

7. I, Bradbury Bartlett, do give and bequeath all my pets, which I captured at the People's Palace in Boston, along with my everlasting love for study, to Stanley Morrison.

8. I, Ivilla Corliss, do give and bequeath my lofty altitude to Charles Goldsmith, realizing how necessary it is for one to look into the higher sentiments of school life.

9. I, Arthur Chase, do give and bequeath my growing yet unseen love for the girls to James Eustis, who is not yet affected this way.

10. I, Wayne Condon, very unwillingly do give and bequeath to Roscoe Smith the privilege of riding to and from school with my sweetheart.

11. I, Florence Carter, do give and bequeath my pretty complexion to anyone who hasn't got red hair.

12. I, Ellen Fortier, do give and bequeath to Ruth Shackett my receipt for making the domestic science sandwiches, on the condition that she will *not* be too lenient with the filling.

13. I, Florence Garland, do give and bequeath to Hazel Sargent, my secret of how to get to school on time.

14. I, Sidney Garland, do give and bequeath my short trousers to John Feinauer, because it is so very unbecoming and undignified for one so young to indulge in long trousers.

15. I, Aaron Goodrich, realizing the value of a Goldsmith do give and bequeath her to a certain Junior (Mark Blake), who shall pay her all necessary attention until a year from this June when I will again assume my duty and responsibility as formerly.

16. I, Frances Hoyt, do give and bequeath my curling tongs to anyone who desires to be made beautiful by them.

17. I, Ethel Hawley, do give and bequeath to Frances Gove some of my wardrobe with the privilege of setting the hooks and eyes over if necessary.

18. I, Ruth McAdams, do give and bequeath my arguing disposition to anyone who likes to chew things.

19. I, Ellen Mitchell, do give and bequeath my ease and ability to translate passages in Virgil to Helen Wilson.

20. I, Evangeline Paquet, do give and bequeath my winsome ways and sweet temper to anyone who is inclined to be crabby.

21. I, Hazel Plummer, do give and bequeath to Clayton Cross, my old black horse, realizing that his is getting very frisky and requires much attention when being driven.

22. I, Charles Oak, do give and bequeath my brilliancy in American History to John Colby.

23. Omitted.

24. I, Ruth Severance, do give and bequeath to the first victim of Hildreth Hall, the exclusive privilege of playing on the piano there and the awful agony of listening to it.

25. I, Bertha Schultz, do give and bequeath to any girl in next year's Senior class the chance to sleep undisturbed at the Franklin Square House, when they make their trip to Boston.

26. I, Louise Maguire, do give and bequeath my long vacation to Richmond Wight.

27. I, Lyman Shackett, do give and bequeath my flashlight to Miss Avery, to be used when she chaperons parties.

28. I, Dean Sanborn, do give and bequeath to the Junior boys the privilege of running in the streets of Boston and flirting with the waitresses in Childs' restaurant.

29. I, Alice Tewksbury, do give and bequeath to Beatrice Campbell my rosy cheeks in order that she may save her time in the morning and get to school on time.

30. We, Marie Barker and Lowell Williams, do give and bequeath to Marion Cogswell, and whomever she prefers, the right to sit on any window-sill in room 6.

31. I, Casper Whitney, do give and bequeath my dramatic ability to Carolyn Sefton, to be used when she debates with Sanborn.

32. I, Merna Walbridge, do give and bequeath my various modes of hair dressing to Louise Smith.

33. I, Bernard Wason, do give and bequeath my spacious smile to anyone with a small face preferably Arthur Reynolds.

34. I, Roland Ranney, do give and bequeath the privilege of arising at four A. M. to Lloyd Hepworth, in order that he may get to school on time.

In witness whereof, we, the class of 1920, the testators, have to this, our will, set our hand and seal this seventeenth day of June, 1920.

Executor to serve with bonds.

PERLEY L. HORNE,
by E. G. L., '20.

Witnesses:
HELEN PLUMMER.
FLORENCE FLEWELLING.
HELEN MUNROE.

Class of 1920

EVANGELINE PAQUET.

Nickname—Vangie.
Favorite Expression—Glory Pete.
Favorite Occupation—Meeting the Boston trains.
Favorite Song—Tell Me.
Ambition—To have a diamond.

HAZEL PLUMMER.

Nickname—Hay-seed.
Favorite Expression—Oh, My Soul!
Favorite Occupation—Doing Physics Experiments.
Favorite Song—You Never Can Tell.
Ambition—To teach French.

BERNARD WASON.

Nickname—Bernard.
Favorite Expression—Is that so?
Favorite Occupation—Flirting.
Favorite Song—Drink to me only with thine eyes.
Ambition—To keep a gold fish.

ALICE TEWKSBURY.

Nickname—Tookie.
Favorite Expression—You know where I was last night (?)
Favorite Occupation—Trying to get a fellow.
Favorite Song—Oh, By Jingo!
Ambition—Discover a good hair tonic.

ETHEL HAWLEY.

Nickname—Tubbie.
Favorite Expression—By gee!
Favorite Occupation—Eating.
Favorite Song—Nobody loves a fat fella.
Ambition—To be a tight rope walker.

LOUISE MAGUIRE.

Nickname—Wee-wee.
Favorite Expression—For the love of some old woman.
Favorite Occupation—Raising the dickens.
Favorite Song—Can you tame wild women?
Ambition—To run a child's nursery.

RUTH MCADAMS.

Nickname—Ruthie.
Favorite Expression—Well, I don't care!
Favorite Occupation—Chewing the rag.
Favorite Song—No one ever kisses me.
Ambition—To be a good typist.

CHARLES OAK.

Nickename—Charlie.
Favorite Expression—Oh, my Goodness!
Favorite Occupation—Bringing the girls to school.
Favorite Song—Wait for the wagon.
Ambition—To get married.

LYMAN SHACKETT.

Nickname—Shack.
Favorite Expression—I'll be jiggered!

Favorite Occupation—Drawing skeletons.
Favorite Song—Just a 'wearin' for you.
Ambition—To be a cartoonist.

WAYNE CONDON.

Nickname—Orlando.
Favorite Expression—! ! !
Favorite Occupation—Listening to the dickey-bird.
Favorite Song—Blest be the tie that binds our collar to our shirt.
Ambition—To be a cow-boy.

ROLAND RANNEY.

Nickname—Ranny.
Favorite Expression—He never uses slang.
Favorite Occupation—Talking.
Favorite Song—'Til the cows come home.
Ambition—To find a substitute for milk.

AARON GOODRICH.

Nickname—Goody.
Favorite Expression—Oh, Mildred!
Favorite Occupation—Stargazing in Room 5.
Favorite Song—When I carried your books home from school.
Ambition—To be a manager of a merry-go-round in Chester.

RUTH SEVERANCE.

Nickname—Snooks.
Favorite Expression—I'll be buttered!
Favorite Occupation—Singing.
Favorite Song—Can't you bring back the olden love days.
Ambition—To marry a minister.

SYDNEY GARLAND.

Nickname—Sid.
Favorite Expression—You bally bugga!
Favorite Occupation—Studying Greek.
Favorite Song—Oh, you great big beautiful doll!
Ambition—To be popular with the girls.

FRANCES HOYT.

Nickname—Fannie.
Favorite Expression—Oh, my goodness!
Favorite Occupation—Curling her hair.
Favorite Song—My heart is in the highlands.
Ambition—To be a chauffeur.

MERNA WALBRIDGE.

Nickname—Wallie.
Favorite Expression—By heck!
Favorite Occupation—Dreaming.
Favorite Song—In that old-fashioned town.
Ambition—To marry a farmer.

EDITH LYNCH.

Nickname—Edie.
Favorite Expression—Oh, the cat's ankle!
Favorite Occupation—Using big words.
Favorite Song—Me-ow.
Ambition—To work in the Derry shoe of-

ELLEN FORTIER.

Nickname—Ellen.
Favorite Expression—Oh, my!
Favorite Occupation—Vamping.
Favorite Song—You'd be surprised.
Ambition—To be a nurse.

FLORENCE GARLAND.

Nickname—Flo.
Favorite Expression—My, the Lord!
Favorite Occupation—Eating tripe.
Favorite Song—He sat on the veranda and smoked a cigar.
Ambition—To get a fellow.

ELLEN MITCHELL.

Nickname—Sarah.
Favorite Expression—Godfrey mighty!
Favorite Occupation—Doing other people's lessons.
Favorite Song—I got the blues.
Ambition—To be a famous authoress.

FLORENCE CARTER.

Nickname—Flop.
Favorite Expression—Oh, thunder and lightning jars!
Favorite Occupation—Riding in a flivver.
Favorite Song—Tulip time.
Ambition—To be an instructor in a deaf and dumb school.

ARTHUR CHASE.

Nickname—Chasie.
Favorite Expression— ————?
Favorite Occupation—Making eyes at the girls.
Favorite Song—They go wild, simply wild, over me.
Ambition—To have high-heeled shoes.

EDNAH BERRY.

Nickname—Eddie.
Favorite Expression—Oh, dear!
Favorite Occupation—Borrowing powder puffs.
Favorite Song—What do you want to make those eyes at me for?
Ambition—To run an insane asylum.

BRADBURY BARTLETT.

Nickname—Brad.
Favorite Expression—Hi, Dock!
Favorite Occupation—Wondering.
Favorite Song—Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!
Ambition—Hasn't any.

MARIE BARKER.

Nickname—Mullie.
Favorite Expression—Aw, gee!
Favorite Occupation—Staying at school afternoons.
Favorite Song—In the gloaming.
Ambition—To live on an onion farm.

LOWELL WILLIAMS.

Nickname—Bill.
Favorite Expression—Oh, Mullie!
Favorite Occupation—Taking early morning walks.
Favorite Song—Oh, promise me!
Ambition—To run papa's farm.

ALBERT BOLDUC.

Nickname—Bunnie.
Favorite Expression—Oh, Gracious!
Favorite Occupation—Translating French.
Favorite Song—There's a long, long trail.
Ambition—To fall in love.

MARION AIKEN.

Nickname—Billie.
Favorite Expression—Gee whiz!
Favorite Occupation—Primping.
Favorite Song—My baby's arms.
Ambition—To be a steady.

ELEANOR ALEXANDER.

Nickname—Ellie.
Favorite Expression—By gosh!
Favorite Occupation—Riding to and from school.
Favorite Song—My luve is like a red, red rose.
Ambition—To be (a) Red Cross nurse.

MARGUERITE ALLEY.

Nickname—Tootie.
Favorite Expression—You tell 'em, kid!
Favorite Occupation—Talking about the boys.
Favorite Song—Kisses.
Ambition—To learn to drive a flivver.

LOREN BAILEY.

Nickname—Babe.
Favorite Expression—Good night!
Favorite Occupation—Out walking at recess.
Favorite Song—Kiss me again.
Ambition—To be a bacheldor.

DEAN SANBORN.

Nickname—Doc.
Favorite Expression—Hi, doc!
Favorite Occupation—Singing hymns.
Favorite Song—Take me to that land of Jazz.
Ambition—To take a week.

BERTHA SCHULTZ.

Nickname—Bee-jag.
Favorite Expression—Jimminy Spikes!
Favorite Occupation—Arguing.
Favorite Song—Sweet Adeline.
Ambition—To be a suffragette.

CASPER WHITNEY.

Nickname—Kaspire.
Favorite Expression—Oh, curses!
Favorite Occupation—Whispering to the teachers.
Favorite Song—Oh, Helen!
Ambition—To be an instructor at Keene.

IVILLA CORLISS.

Nickname—Villa.
Favorite Expression—I'll be darned!
Favorite Occupation—Waiting on table.
Favorite Song—Sweet and low.
Ambition—To be a cow-puncher.

Alumni

'17—Paul Greeley, is in Calama, Chili, working as an assistant to the Solar radiation expedition of the Smithsonian Institution.

'19—Lorna E. Stockdale of the Freshman class at Mt. Holyoke College, has maintained excellent scholarship and been chosen a member of the Freshman Debating Union.

BIRTHS.

On April 24, at Manchester, N. H., to Thomas Foxall, '16, and Mary Sefton Foxall, '15, a son, Thomas.

On May 9, at Manchester, N. H., to Maurice Walbridge (Faculty) and Blanche Walbridge, a daughter, Jeanette.

MARRIAGES.

June 1, 1920, Vera D. Pillsbury, '15, and Lientenant Winton Ralston.

June 7, 1920, Hazel M. Curtis and Walter A. Angell.

June 7, 1920, Maria Thwing, '20, and Nelson Johnson.

The Alumni Reunion

The 15th reunion of the Pinkerton Alumni Association was held at the Hotel Arlington, Boston, on May 7, 1920. There were 77 present.

The reception at 6.30 was followed by the dinner at 7.15. The singing of the Pinkerton song opened a most pleasing program. At intervals community songs were sung.

At the close of the dinner President Horne called the business meeting. The report of the Secretary, Mr. Frederick W. Poor, was read and the report of the Treasurer was given by Mr. Frederick J. Shepard, Jr. The chair appointed a nominating committee for election of officers for a period of three years. This committee was Mr. George Bampton, Mrs. Harriet Newell and Mr. Everett Boyd.

The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Charles Hood; Secretary, Mr. Frederick W. Poor, Derry; Secretary, Miss Ethel T. Tewksbury; Treasurer, Mr. Frederick J. Shepard, Jr.; Executive Committee, Mrs. Grace Crocker, Miss Abigail Hazelton.

A tribute to Miss Susan Bartley was given by Miss Tewksbury.

The piano selections of Miss Severance were much enjoyed and the boys' quartet of the Academy, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Clark, Mr. Shackett and Mr. Goldsmith sang very entertainingly. Miss Mary Perkins suggested that the Association extend a vote of thanks to these young people which was very heartily done.

A telegram was read bringing greetings from John C. Chase.

President Horne introduced the speaker of the evening, Hobart Pillsbury, who spoke on America's obligation to post-war conditions. Rev. Mr. Cunningham added to Mr. Pillsbury's splendid talk by emphasizing the importance of true Americanism in this country today.

The reunion closed with the singing by the quartet of a toast to Old Pinkerton.

The following were present:

Allen, Mrs. Martha Chase.
Ambler, C. A.
Ambler, Mrs. Grace Campbell.
Avery, Miss Bernicia.
Bampton, George F.
Bampton, Mrs Louise Crombie.
Boyd, Everett W.
Boyd, Mrs. Everett W.
Brickett, P. W.
Brickett, Mrs. Maria Montgomery.
Brown, Miss Dorothy N.
Bergamini, Miss Mary
Chase, Mrs. J. S.
Clark, Howard.
Cogswell, Miss Victoria M.
Crocker, J. H.
Crocker, Mrs. Grace Pillsbury.
Cunningham, Rev. Henry C.

Cutler, Miss Margaret I.
Flewelling, Miss Florence.
Friend, Miss Jennie.
Fullonton, Miss Loena.
Goldsmith, George.
Goodhue, Miss Elizabeth E.
Goodwin, Henry.
Gulesian, M. H.
Gulesian, Mrs. Grace Warner.
Hazeltine, Miss Natalie
Hazelton, Miss Abigail.
Hazelton, Miss Alice.
Haskins, Rev. Robert.
Haskins, Mrs. Robert.
Hilton, Mr.
Hilton, Mrs. Viola Jackson.
Hood, Charles.
Hood, Mrs. Charles.
Horne, Prin. P. L.
Horne, Mrs. P. L.
Horne, Miss Mildred
Huntee, Mrs. Ethel Boyd.
Knight, Miss Emma L.
Ladd, Nathaniel W.
Loud, Rev. Halah H.
Loud, Mrs. Halah H.
Low, Kneeland.
Miltimore, Joseph I.
Miltimore, Ralph.
Morrison, Miss Elizabeth.
Munroe, Miss Helen.
Neal, Miss Martha C.
Newell, Mrs. Harriet Chase.
Oakes, Charles.
O'Brien, Robert L.
Palmer, Miss Esther E.
Pearson, Mrs. Emma Cone.
Perkins, Miss Mary E.
Pillsbury, Hobart.
Pillsbury, Mrs. Hobart.
Plumer, Miss Helen L.
Poor, Miss Alice B.
Poor, Miss Lillian B.
Prescott, Mrs. Alice Chase.
Ray, George C.
Richardson, Chester A.
Richardson, Mrs. Chester A.
Rogers, Miss Irma.
Severance, Miss Ruth.
Shackett, Lyman.
Shepard, Frederick J., Jr.
Shepard, Mrs. Frederick J., Jr.
Tewksbury, Miss Ethel T.
Tibbets, Mrs. Harriet Melvin.
Watson, Fletcher.
Whitney, Casper.
Wilkinson, Miss Marion.
Williams, J. Lowell.
Wright, Miss Eunice.

Tribute.

As we look back on our school life we remember many happy days of association, but we cherish most dearly the memory of those by whom our lives were molded. Molded, for we cannot associate with a beautiful character without feeling the influence of that character.

Such was the life of Miss Susan Bartley.

A person of wide intelligence, keen intellect, possessing a cheery disposition under all circumstances, with the ability of looking only for the good in others and finding it, she gained the respect of every student of Pinkerton Academy and retained it; a person of great sympathy, with the best interests of her students ever in her heart, she obtained their confidence and love; a person whose life was the finest expression of Christian living she represented that power of ability and character which is attained by a Christian life well lived.

Is there anything finer that she could have left to the world than the memory of a life spent in love and service to those about her that will live forever in the hearts of her friends?

Top row: Coach, Maurice Walbridge; H. Blake; Lowell Williams; Merlihy; Hayden; Goodrich; Manager;
Middle Row: Shackett; G. Dekworth; A. Balduc Catcher and Captain; Cross, Pitcher; Fitts, Catcher, and Fielder; Seated: F. Stewart; R. Martin.

BASEBALL TEAM

ATHLETICS

Although Coach Walbridge had largely green material to work with, he has succeeded in turning out a baseball team which is a credit to the school. The team made rather a poor showing early in the season, largely due to the fact that it was made up of inexperienced players. But they showed their mettle in the Dummer game of May 12, defeating Dummer in the tenth inning 3-2. The boys fought hard in this game, especially Cross, who pitched a fine game, in spite of the fact that he had been sick and could not come out for the team until a few days before the game. He has been pitching a remarkable brand of baseball, and ought to make a record for himself next year. Somerville, the Sophomore pitcher, has also pitched good ball. He is a south paw and has proved a puzzle to the best of the batters he has faced. Bolduc, captain and star catcher, has upheld the claim of his friends to being one of the best catchers in the state. Very few base runners have managed to steal second on him, while his back-stopping has been excellent. He is batting better than .300. Hurlihy has been doing fine work in the field and deserves more credit than he has been getting. He is also doing well with the bat. Martin and Stewart are also making a good showing in the field. Williams is improving fast, both in field and with the stick. Fitts has not only done splendidly in the field, but has made a remarkable record at bat. He has been batting for over .400. He has made two home-runs besides several doubles and triples.

Thursday morning, May 27, twelve of the baseball squad left for a trip in the northeastern section of the state. The school gave them a splendid sendoff. The autos passed through Manchester, Suncook, Pittsfield, and at Barnstead they stopped on the shore of a lake for lunch. They reached Wolfeboro about one o'clock, and after a short rest played Brewster Academy. Somerville pitched for Pinkerton, and although he pitched a fine game Pinkerton lost 11-9 in spite of the fact that they got 16 hits to Brewster's 12. Blake did some fine hitting in this game, and was ably assisted by Bolduc and Fitts. Everyone worked hard, and P. A. surely deserved to win. In the first two innings P. A. piled up eight scores, but Brewster came back strong in the 5th and 8th innings. Perhaps the words of the Brewster coach show as much as anything why P. A. put up such a good game, for he said, "They had the most pep and were the best fighting team they had played all season.

The students and Faculty of Brewster Academy gave the team a social that evening, which they greatly enjoyed. Here, as well as at Milton and Alton, the boys were given a hearty welcome, and received every consideration possible.

The team stayed in Wolfeboro that evening and the following day rode to Milton. Here they played Nute High, defeating them by a score of 12-2. Cross pitched a fine game, holding the Nute High players at his mercy throughout the game. Fitts made his second home-run of the year in this game.

Immediately after this game the boys left Alton, where they stayed that night. Friday morning they defeated Alton High 23-1. Fitts made his *debut* as a pitcher in this game. He not only pitched a fine game, but helped win his own game by making six hits out of six trips to the plate. Saturday afternoon Pinkerton played the Alton town team winning 3-0 in seven innings, largely due to Hepworth's effectiveness in the box.

Immediately after the game the boys left for home by way of Rochester and Dover.

Tuesday, June 1st, P. A. met Brewster for the second time, this time on their home grounds. The boys played a fine game, and although leading most of the time, finally lost in the last inning 9-8. Cross not only pitched a good game but helped considerably by his work at bat.

Only two of this year's team are graduating this year. Consequently next year's team ought to be an exceptionally good one, with so many experienced players to pick from.

1920 Class Characteristics

As *Modesty* is a prominent characteristic of each member of the Senior class of 1920, it would be very unbecoming in me to enumerate the many noble traits found in us, individually, so I will endeavor in a *conservative* manner to mention a *few* of the most conspicuous *class* characteristics.

First, we are *Dignified*, as all Senior classes *should* be. You have just witnessed, in our class yells, a *typical* demonstration of our Dignity; and those of you who know and love us best, can testify to our *unfailing* solemnity and dignified bearing on *all* festive occasions, as well as upon other less serious undertakings.

Then, as a class, we are *Sympathetic*. When we entered our Sophomore year and the boys realized that it was their right and privilege to duck the boys of the Freshman class, even as they had been ducked the preceding year, did they ever duck the *same boy* more than *once* on the *same day?* Ask the boys of the present Junior class.

If ever a classmate made a blunder did our sympathetic hearts allow us to sorrow with him? No, indeed. With giggles from the girls and "Haw-haws" from the boys we cheered him up, like sunshine after rain.

A third characteristic of our dear class is *Conscientiousness*. Can any of our teach-

ers remember a *single instance* when, on being called from a classroom and returning unexpectedly, they found us engaged in anything less serious than digging for Latin roots, or quietly contemplating how blissful existence would be if there were no physics experiments, history reports, themes, book reports, and so forth, to write out in a vain endeavor to appease the seemingly insatiable demands of our teachers? Time presses. I *dare* not wait for a reply, but will hurry on to our next characteristic, *Appreciation.*

Appreciation stands out boldly among us. When report cards came home how our hearts fluttered and wavered until a swift anxious glance assured us that for that time at least, we were safe! ! Were we not appreciative?

And when on the red-letter days of our school life, it was announced in chapel that on account of a Teachers' Institute or some holiday there would be no school Thursday and Friday, was there not a thrill of Appreciation in every Senior heart?

We are Optimistic. We never *worried* about our studies; if we couldn't answer the questions of today's lessons, perhaps those of tomorrow's would be easier. We *always hoped* so, anyway.

Our remarkable class is *noted* for its *Attentiveness.* In history class this past year our *Attention* was *never* lagging! We were always so completely absorbed in the history of this, our so great a Nation, that we even *forgot* to whisper or pass notes; and I hope that next year's Senior class will have as profitable a course as we had.

Our Attention was prominent in all our classes; we were always wide-awake for chances to slip in a joke; and that brings me to our *Originality.*

Why, one day, in Physics class, when we were just beginning the study of electricity, Casper came in and said, "Oh, teacher, let me operate that thing for you, please? I want to get a shock—Clarkie gives me a shock every day, but I mean a *real* one."

Another time, one of the teachers put a long example in algebra on the board and then said, "Well, Condon, what would be the first thing you'd do if you saw an example like this in an exam?" And Goodrich, answering for Condon, said: "Faint away."

Some of the elements found in the soil are nitrogen, calcium, and oxygen, and when one of the Senior girls was asked for some other element, she replied: "Worms."

Proficiency is an apparent characteristic of the class of 1920. If at times our knowledge of certain rules has been conspicuous by its absence certainly we could always offset it by our Proficiency in ignorance of the subject.

Secretiveness sounds doubtful as a noble or good characteristic, but without it how could we have been so successful in the outcome of our corn roast, which we held last fall. And also the kid party, which was only a short time ago, and depended largely on Secretiveness for its success. Secretiveness, if used properly, *is* a noble characteristic.

Our *Winning Personality* is the next characteristic which I will take up. As a representative of this *modest class* I hesitate to mention, but in *Justice* to the class, it must be done. What but our *Winning Personality* procured for us the privilege of being excused from school a whole day, in order that we might go to Boston on a pleasure trip?

Again, were it not for our *Winning Personality*, would the Juniors have insisted on trimming the church so prettily for us for Baccalaureate Sunday?

And as a most convincing proof of our *Winning Personality* witness the sorrow of our teachers and the under-classmen as our last day at dear old P. A. draws near.

And now we come to *Endurance*, another characteristic. No one can question our powers of endurance. For four, long, happy years we have endured the daily questions, admonitions and advice of our teachers and I defy anyone to discover any ill effect from it in a single member of our class.

I hope the under-classes will heed to my words and profit by our shining example. "Hitch your wagon to a star!" Strive earnestly, though you may not succeed, to emulate the virtues of the class of 1920!

The last characteristic I will mention, though many more occur to me, such as cohesiveness, altruism, homogeneity, demonstrativeness and irrepressibility, is *Ambition!* We feel that the world has waited very patiently for us and now as we leave this hall of learning, some to pursue further the paths of knowledge, others to go direct to life's battlefield, we feel sure that the many serious problems of the day will serve as worthy material for our cultivated minds, and we step forth

"Conquering, and About to Conquer."

Class Initials

Marion Rosabelle Aiken—Most ruddily adorned.

Eleanor Margaret Alexander—Eliminates many attentions.

Marguerite Josephine Alley—Makes joy always.

Loren Bailey—Loves Billy.

Marie Hayes Barker—My, how bashful!

Joseph Bradbury Bartlett—Jolly big bluffer.

Ednah Marguerite Berry—Ever missing the boys.

Albert Edward Bolduc—Admires Ednah Berry.

Florence Evelyn Carter—Finds evenings calm.

Arthur Christopher Chase—Always counting cost.

Wayne Orlando Condon—Winona's own cavalier.

Ivilla Marie Corliss—Is most care free.

Ellen Mary Fortier—Electro motive force.

Florence Brown Garland—Fords bring gladness.

Myron Sidney Garland—Making sly glances.

Aaron Wakefield Goodrich—Always with Goldy.

Ethel Mabel Hawley—Eats much hominy.

Frances Jeannette Hoyt—Features just heavenly.

Edith Gertrude Lynch—Ever growing lovely.

Louise Kathryne Maguire—Let's keep mum.

Ruth Muriel McAdams—Right makes might.

Sarah Ellen Mitchell—Sparking every minute.

Charles Sylvester Oakes—Comes slowly on.

Hazel Marian Plummer—Has much politeness.

Roland Henry Ranney—Runs Hood's roller.

Murray Dean Sanborn—Most dreadfully sunburned.

Bertha Johanna Schultz—Be just so.

Ruth Severance—Rather shy.

Lyman Ray Shackett—Little ray of sunshine.

Alice Maude Tewksbury—All movie talk.

Merna Isabelle Walbridge—Musical in ways.

Bernard Albert Wason—Beats all wisdom.

Casper Elmer Whitney—Captures every woman.

James Lowell Williams—Just little Willy.

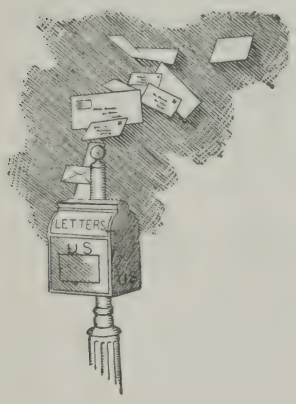
—E. Paquet, '20.

Teacher: Mr. Horne, Principal; Miss Munroe, Latin; F. Foxall, Commercial;
Past Graduates: (Last three on third row) P. Clark '17; F. Enslin '19; G. Hepworth, '19.
Senior Boys: L. Williams; A. Goodrich; R. Ramney.

Girls (Bottom row)
L. Maguire;
E. Mitchell;
M. Barker;
F. Shachett, '21.
E. Shultz;
C. Sefton, '21.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Debating Team.



Exchanges

The exchange department should be very important in the school paper. Through the exchanges we are able to become acquainted with other schools. We try to improve our paper by accepting gratefully their suggestions and, we, in turn try to help them by suggesting means of improving their papers. Through their criticisms we learn our faults, and by their praise we are encouraged.

We wish that all our exchanges would offer criticisms and comments. It is what we need.

As it is less than a month since our last issue of the CRITIC was out, we have comparatively few exchanges, but we wish to thank them all and assure them that they have been heartily enjoyed.

The Chara-de-Lix, Norwich High School, Norwich, N. Y.

The Polytechnic, Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

The Vermont Pioneer, State Agricultural College, Randolph, Vt.

The Middlebury Campus, Middlebury, Vt.

The X-Ray, Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Calif.

The Enterprise, Mass. Hospital School, Canton, Mass.

The Enterprise, Keene High School, Keene, N. H.

The Brewster, Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

The Red and Black, Roger High School, Newport, Conn.

The Boston University Beacon, Boston, Mass.

The Harvard Alumni Bulletin, Boston, Mass.

The Mirror, Pratt High School, Pratt, Kansas.

The Bulletin, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

The Oceanic, Old Orchard High School, Old Orchard, Maine.

The New Hampshire, State College, Durham, N. H.

The Criterion, Bridgeport High School, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Bulletin, San Quentin, California.

The Pep, Peabody High School, Peabody, Mass.

The Prospect, N. H. State Normal School, Plymouth, N. H.

The Breeze, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

COMMENTS.

The Chara-de-Lix—A wide-awake little paper, why not build up an exchange department?

The Bulletin, San Quentin, Cal.—"A paper with a message." You surely live up to this title. Your articles are all so splendid and uplifting.

The Mirror—We always enjoy your "newsy" paper. Don't you ever print any stories?

The Criterion—The school notes and articles on your school life are fine, but we suggest that you make your paper more attractive to outsiders by arranging it in several departments and adding an index, a few cuts and stories.

The Enterprise, Canton, Mass.—An interesting paper containing material of quality as well as quantity.

The Red and Black—A very "newsy" paper but we miss your exchange.

The Argus—Your paper is cleverly arranged. Some good stories and poems.

Lawrence High School Bulletin—We notice you have exchange editors, but we fail to find your exchange department.

The Enterprise, Keene, N. H.—A very attractive paper and so well arranged.

The Brewster—We suggest that you publish your paper monthly instead of weekly, and in this way have more material with which to build up your departments and make a more attractive paper.

The Oceanic—Although only published annually deserves praise in every issue of our paper.

The New Hampshire—We are always eager to read how things are going at our good old state college.

The Vermont Pioneer—A few cuts and jokes would make your paper more attractive although your articles are very instructive.

The Middlebury Campus—Why not have a few drawings in your paper?

We would like to suggest that The Polytechnic, *The Vermont Pioneer*, *The X-Ray*, *The Mirror* and *The Criterion* would be made more attractive and interesting if published in magazine form.

The Pep—You certainly live up to your name. Your paper is arranged very nicely.

The Prospect—A splendid paper enjoyed by everyone.

The Breeze—A fine paper but no exchange.

As Others See Us!

An index would improve your paper.—Keene High School *Enterprise.*

The Pinkerton CRITIC is a new exchange. It is really an attractive paper published only five months in the year. As a whole it is very good.—The Mass. Hospital School *Enterprise.*

The arrangement of your magazine is much better than many others on our list of exchanges ,each department being under an attractive head, and the length of the articles is noteworthy. Among others the "Non Ridefe" and "Caw! Caw! Caw!" were particularly bright. Do you invariably use a white cover?—Gardner High School, Argus.

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